As by this letter more at large my Liege, is made apparant.
Har. We do finde it heere,
There was in Wales a certaine fray of late
Betweene two Noblemen. But what of this?
Followes it ſtraight Lord Cobham muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame? I dare be ſworne (good Knight)
He neuer dreamt of any ſuch contention.
Biſh. But in his name the quarrell did begin,
About the opinion which he held my Liege.
Har. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abet them in it?
If brabling fellowes, whoſe enkindled blood
Seeths in their fiery veines, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrels of ſome words that paſt
Either of you, or you, amongſt their cups,
Is the fault yours? Or are they guilty of it?
Suf. With pardon of your Highneſſe, my dread Lord,
Such little ſparkes neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all,
He doth beſide maintaine a ſtrange Religion,
And will not be compel'd to come to Maſſe.
Biſh. We do beſeech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without offence vnto your Maieſty,
We may be bold to vſe authority.
Har. As how?
Biſh. To ſummon him vnto the Arches,
Where ſuch offences haue their puniſhment.
Har. To anſwer perſonally, is that your meaning?
Biſh. It is my Lord.
Har. How if hee appeale?
Biſh. My Lord, he cannot in ſuch a caſe as this.
Suf. Not where Religion is the plea, my Lord.
Har. I tooke it alwayes, that our ſelfe ſtood on't
As a ſufficient refuge: vnto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeale.
But weel not argue now vpon that point.

For Sir Iohn Old-Caſtle whom you accuſe,
Let me intreate you to diſpence a while
VVith your high Title of preheminence.
Report did neuer yet condemne him ſo,
But he hath alwayes bene reputed loyall:
And in my knowledge I can ſay thus much,
That he is vertuous, wiſe, and honourable.
If any way his conſcience be ſeduc'd
To wauer in his faith, Ile ſend for him
And ſchoole him priuately: If that ſerue not,
Then afterward you may proceede againſt him.
Butler, be you the Meſſenger for vs,
And will him preſently repaire to Court.
S. Iohn. How now my Lord? why ſtand you di
Inſooth (me thinkes) the King hath well decreed
Biſh. I, I, ſir Iohn if he would keepe his word:
But I perceyue he fauours him ſo much
As this will be to ſmall effect, I feare.
S. Iohn. Why then Ile tell you what y'are beſt to
If you ſuſpect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, ſend you a proceſſe too
To ſerue vpon him: ſo ye may be ſure
To make him anſwer't, howſoere it fall.
Biſh. And well remembred, I will haue it ſo,
A Sumner ſhall be ſent about it ſtraight.
ſir Iohn. Yea do ſo. In the meane ſpace this re
For kinde ſir Iohn of *Wrotham*, honeſt Iacke.
Me thinkes the purſe of Gold the byſhop gaue
Made a good ſhew, it had a tempting looke:
Beſhrew me, but my fingers ends doe itch
To be vpon thoſe rudducks. VVell, tis thus;
I am not as the world does take me for:
If euer wolfe were cloathed in Sheepes coate,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang, yfaith:
A Prieſt in ſhew, but (in plaine termes) a Theef
Yet let me tell you too, an honeſt Theefe;